

MEN BROKE INTO CHEERS

When Announcement Was Made Yankees Would Be Used in Great Conflict

OUR MEN ARE ENTHUSIASTIC

Pershing's Army Is in High Spirits Upon Hearing It Will Go into Battle

With the American Army in France, April 1.—"I am delighted at Gen. Pershing's prompt and effective action in placing all the American troops and facilities at the disposal of the allies in the present situation," said Sec. of War Baker in a statement given out at headquarters Saturday.

"It will meet with hearty approval in the United States, where the people desire their expeditionary forces to be of the utmost service to the common cause," the secretary continued.

"I have visited all the American troops in France, some of them recently, and had an opportunity to observe the enthusiasm with which officers and men received the announcement that they would be used in the present conflict. One regiment to which the announcement was made spontaneously broke into cheers."

Secretary Baker, for obvious reasons, declined to discuss just what part the American expeditionary forces may play or are playing. This will become known in due time.

The news that the force was to participate at all was met with cheers and shouts of delight from one end of the American zone to the other, even at the front.

The officers and men had about come to the conclusion that they were to be forced to sit back and watch the progress of events, and they were glad.

To-day they are smiling and demonstratively congratulating each other. There was much slapping of each other on the back, while some of the troops threw up their hats and danced when the news reached them.

There is still no news from the fighting engineers.

Secretary Baker, having conferred with the allied commanding officers and statesmen, desires to return to the United States as soon as possible and make available the information he has secured from his observations and conferences. He has completed the inspection of men and material, which he found a very inspiring task.

UNCLE SAM'S JUNK MAN.

Capt. Fred Felix is an Extremely Busy Man on Mexican Border.

Fort Bliss, Tex., April 1.—He does not go down the alley perched on an old wagon with dishes calling "Rags Any Rags?" But he is the most extensive junk dealer on the Mexican border. He wears an olive drab uniform, two stars on his shoulders and a serious look for business is always rushing with Captain Fred Felix. Uncle Sam's junk man in the cavalry division here.

As head of the salvage and reclamation department of the general quarter master depot here Captain Felix and his force of enlisted men are repairing and salvaging supplies which have been discarded by the United States army in the border district. Three warehouses, a part of the fort machine shops and a big yard downtown are used for this work.

Tents which have been torn by the winds of March are repaired by men who have been sailors or who have experience in repairing canvas. Canvas cut covers which have been torn are cut up into small pieces and made into clothing bags. These cut covers were formerly discarded.

A tailor shop has been established where worn and torn uniforms are repaired, buttons sewed on, the uniforms steam-cleaned and pressed and returned to the owners. This is the only department where women workers have been called in to assist the salvage corps.

Army shoes which have been worn by many marches over the desert sands near the fort are half sold by machinery, ripped places stitched, new laces inserted and the shoes sent back for further wear. Not a scrap of leather is permitted to be wasted by the reclamation and salvage department. Shoes too badly worn to be repaired and cavalry boots are ripped to pieces and the leather used for repairing other boots and shoes. The scraps are then sent to market for use in the manufacture of composition belt.

Recently 15 meat grinders for preparing meat for cooking were condemned and sent to the reclamation department to be sold for junk. Instead the parts were separated, reassembled and five good grinders obtained, while the remaining parts were stored for repairing other grinders. Broken parts were sold for junk.

Wagons, automobiles, tank wagons, soup kitchens and every other kind of field equipment is received by this department. Wagon makers replace worn parts of transport and ammunition wagons with new ones. All automobile parts are classified and a crew of garage men repair the cars as they come to the shops. Even tracks for caterpillar trucks are kept for repairing these big trucks which haul supplies over the desert.

Broken spurs, ragged guidons and

Nothing makes my stomach contented like POST TOASTIES

Post Toasties says Bobby MADE OF CORN

WOMAN SAVED MUCH SUFFERING

By taking Friend's Advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



West Plains, Mo.—"I was all run down in health, had indigestion and terrible cramps every month so I was unable to do anything. I had tried every doctor in West Plains, also every remedy I could think of, without relief. One day when I was suffering greatly a friend said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' So I did, and through it, I found relief from my suffering and I really believe it saved my life. It does not seem as though I can say enough in praise of this wonderful medicine for the health it has brought me."—Miss CORA LEE HALL, West Plains, Mo.

Perhaps it may seem an extravagant statement to say that this great remedy saved a life; but women like Mrs. Hall, to whom it has brought health, appreciate the danger and suffering they have escaped too well to doubt it. All who suffer should try it. Why risk life and health without it?

For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

flags, eyelets from canvas leggings, leather from worn out puttees, harness, saddles, the ropes and even "bull whips" used by the army mule drivers are salvaged in Uncle Sam's big second-hand junk shop here and the government is saving thousands of dollars by repairing army property which otherwise would have to be replaced with new.

VILLA OPERATING IN CRAFTY MANNER

American Mining Men Tell of His Deceptions and His Tricks on Mexican Federal Troops.

Juarez, Mexico, April 1.—Francisco Villa continues to play his fox-like tricks on the Mexican federal troops as he did when he was "Pancho" Villa, the bandit, and rode the Sierra Madre mountains of western Chihuahua like a Mexican Robin Hood.

American mining men who had run the gauntlet of Villa's lines and reached the border here on a passenger train, the windows of which had been shot out by Villa's men, told the first connected story of Villa's operations around Canutillo, Durango, just over the Chihuahua state line, against the federal column which pursued him from Jimenez with his 100 mounted dare-devils.

After the fight at Laguna de Estacada, Chihuahua, Villa led his men southwest toward the Rio Florido, where he had hidden while General Pershing was pursuing him. There are bubbling hot springs on the Rio Florido, where Villa likes to bathe and soak the rheumatism and saddle soreness out of his limbs after a hard campaign. But, before he could enjoy his private bath, in the Durango river, General Eduardo Hernandez and General Francisco Gonzales closed in on him with two cavalry columns.

Pretending to flee before these advancing columns, Villa and his men dashed through the little mountain town of Canutillo with the federal cavalrymen pursuing them a few hours later. Villa's little army disappeared over the ridge of a sandhill with the evening sun. The federalists went into camp on a butte overlooking the town, intending to resume the pursuit at daybreak. It was a moonlight night, and few sentries were posted, a custom not uncommon in Mexico.

Instead of continuing his flight, Villa halted behind the first ridge, had all of his men leave their hats in a pile, then wheeled his column and rode back toward Canutillo. Scouts reported the location of the federal camp, plainly visible in the moonlight. Whispered orders were given that no one but those wearing hats should be fired upon. The attack then began. With a war whoop which was as terrifying as the famous rebel yell, the Villa column swept down upon the camp, shouting from the saddle at every man who could be seen. In the confusion which followed the surprise night attack the federal soldiers killed many of their own men, mistaking them for Villa's men. After a sharp encounter, Villa rode through Canutillo once more, leaving a small detachment there to hold the town against the federalists.

There again he played one of his old tricks. He had these men hide in the adobe houses where they cut loopholes facing the side from which the federal attack was expected. The Villa men also made all of the civilians crowd into these houses and give vivas for Villa to make the enemy believe the Villa force was many times larger than it really was. The small Villa band succeeded in holding off the federalists until Villa could lead his main column in a circle and strike the federal column from the rear. Again the government troops were slaughtered, the mining men said, and many were made prisoners and later executed.

These are only two of Villa's bag of tricks. Another favorite one is to send his men against the enemy, then have them retire in apparent disorder until they reach a canyon or other place easily fortified by Villa. The pursuers are led into this trap, and they are subjected to a sweeping fire from the rocks and are usually annihilated. This piece of native strategy was used against the federalists at San Andres, Chihuahua, again at Rosario, Durango, and at Pedernales, Chihuahua.

Villa has frequently forced federal telegraph operators to send misleading messages directing troop trains to proceed to a point where a trap was laid for them. This was done at Laguna, Chihuahua, and a paymaster-general and all of his guard killed. Villa always carries a telegraph operator with him to see that his orders are carried out and he is not tricked. He has even called federal generals on the long-distance telephone or sent them messages telling them to beware of Villa and claiming to be local federal commander in the district from which the messages were sent.

Because of these tricks, learned as a bandit in the mountains, Villa has become the subject of many wild tales of adventure in northern Mexico, where he is credited with bearing a charmed life.

PACIFISTS ARE ACTIVE AGAIN

Certain Religious Sects Are Fostering Disloyalty

UNIVERSITY MEN TAKE UP MOVEMENT

Opposition to All War Is Their Doctrine and Belief

Washington, April 1.—Disloyalty fostered by certain religious sects has been growing in the United States within recent months, according to department of justice officials who have charge of enforcing the espionage acts. Many preachers and religious teachers in public speech and by printed pamphlets, officials assert, are urging the doctrine that war against Germany constitutes murder of fellow Christians and is the great human folly described in the book of Revelations.

The department of justice regards the preaching of opposition to the aims of this particular war as of seditious nature and has acted accordingly. Several German and Austrian preachers and Sunday school teachers have been interned because of the disloyal utterances, and many others, particularly in extreme northwestern states, have been warned to desist from criticizing the motives of the United States in the war. Several publications have been suppressed, and others are being investigated.

For several months the pacifists engaged in the movement were inactive, but officials say that recently several organizations of university men have been formed to spread the doctrine of opposition to all war. Information concerning these organizations is being gathered by government agents.

As a result of the decision of Federal District Judge Dickinson at Philadelphia this week, that the Philadelphia Tagblatt's criticism of the United States did not constitute treason, department of justice officials have abandoned hope of classifying seditious words as treasonable, at least until Congress passes further legislation. A pending bill would make it a federal offense to commit sabotage against any sort of industrial preparation for the war, and would make it unnecessary for federal officers to prosecute violations under state laws.

Another bill which the department of justice is anxious to have passed is that including women in the class of enemy aliens. It is said a number of German or Austrian women in the United States are considered dangerous characters and will be interned as soon as the bill is enacted.

TAKES NAME OF SCARPA.

Admiral Jellicoe Chooses Name of Great Naval Base.

London, April 1.—Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has taken the title of Viscount Jellicoe of Scarpa.

The name Scarpa is derived from Scarpa Flow, which has been the principal home base of the British grand fleet since the beginning of the war. Scarpa Flow is a great land-locked harbor in the midst of the Orkney islands, north of Scotland, and a 24 hours' train journey from London. The surrounding land is brown, bare, desolate and treeless. There are ninety islands in the Orkney group, of which 62 are uninhabited.

Such was the place to which Jellicoe brought his squadron at the end of July, 1914, and the place to which he returned with them time and again to rest after fruitless chases in the North Sea. Scarpa was the king pin in the strategic disposition of the allied naval forces during the entire time that Jellicoe commanded them.

What more was "Made in Germany"? A host of lies and spies. Of typhoid cultures, poison plots, the U-boat's ruthless tricks. The guns of Krupp, the Zeppelin to rain death from the skies.

Lost land of simple household joys, of peace and song; How can you blot from memory such records of black wrong?—The world is sown with dragon's teeth: the harvest must be long!

Cast off the Prussian's throttling yoke. Set press and people free. Sue mercy from an outraged world. No peace on earth may be Till expiation for all wrong is made in Germany.

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Your Rheumatism
The twists and aches of rheumatic sufferers usually yield to the rich oil-food treatment in
SCOTT'S EMULSION
when everything else fails. Besides helping to purify and enrich the blood Scott's strengthens the functions to throw off injurious acids and is especially beneficial during changing seasons. Many doctors themselves take Scott's. You Try It.



Skin trouble costs many a man his job

No matter how efficient a man may be, if he has an ugly skin eruption, there are positions in which he cannot be tolerated. He may know that it is not in the least contagious, but other people are afraid, they avoid him, and he must make way for a man with a clear, healthy skin. Why run this risk, when

Resinol

Ointment and Resinol Soap stop itching and clear away eczema and similar humors, so quickly and easily?

DO IT FOR BABY.
By Ruth Danenhower Wilson of The Vigilantes.

Last fall I dug up some favorite rose geranium plants to enjoy them in the house during the winter. For a month they thrived in the living room. Then came such intensely cold weather that the windows had to be kept shut.

The rose geraniums drooped, gradually grew yellow at the ends and fell. Instead of fragrant foliage I had only withering stalks.

Babies can't thrive without fresh air any more than plants.

We have all seen airless babies. They grow pale and have to be coaxed to eat. They have indigestion with occasional vomiting. They stop gaining in weight. They perspire much. On the rare occasions that they are taken out of doors they take cold easily.

Keep the air around the baby fresh and pure. Give baby's room frequent airings. Keep the windows open at night, making sure baby is warmly and securely covered. Don't exhaust the atmosphere around the baby by burning a gas or oil stove. Don't fill the air with odors by cooking food or drying clothes near the baby.

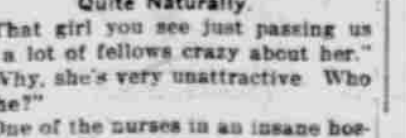
Above all, see that the baby spends many hours out of doors except during severe storms, high winds, extreme cold, or where there is melting snow all around.

When such conditions prevent outings, dress the baby with cap and coat as if it were going out, wrap it up warmly and let it nap in bed or carriage by a wide-open window. In this way there need never be a day that the baby doesn't have several hours of outdoor air.

Fresh air helps make cheeks rosy, eyes bright, appetite hearty, sleep restful, and disposition good.

(Any mother who does not know "what to do" for her baby has only to write to the children's bureau of the department of labor at Washington, and helpful pamphlets, written by specialists, will come to her at once.)

NOTHING DOING



QUEBEC RIOT QUIETS DOWN

On Promise of an Understanding with the Military Authorities

MOB BROKE INTO A HARDWARE STORE

Then Armand Lavergne Addressed Anti-Conscription Rioters

Quebec, April 1.—The wild scene of disorder and destruction which Thursday suddenly ceased late last night when Armand Lavergne, a Nationalist, addressing a mob that had broken into a hardware store, asked the rioters to desist for two days, stating that he had reached an agreement with the military authorities.

PULL THE SAME STROKE.
By George W. Sutton of the Vigilantes.

When anybody tells you: That the war is practically over; That the vast majority of American people are not for the war heart and soul;

That our greatest enemies are the Japanese and we may expect hostilities within them within a few months or years;

That England is the real instigator of the present war;

And other circular matter of similar trend, he is a pro-German spreading German propaganda and should be put down immediately in your mind as an enemy.

Already a tremendous number of Americans are beginning to lose faith and interest in our efforts, in the belief that the end of the war is really in sight. This is simply the result of the united work of thousands of disloyal Boche and pro-Boche people in this country who masquerade as friends and are ready and anxious to sacrifice the land which shelters them.

We hold these things to be self-evident.

That we are fighting the most loathsome and contemptible foe that anybody—white, black or yellow—has ever fought.

That he is not afraid of the million and a half men we shall send against him this year, but that he is afraid of the addition of the five or more millions we are going to send to strengthen the forces of those who already have the upper hand of him.

That he knows he is beaten and is desperately trying to swindle the world into a peace which will leave him with some of the things he has stolen and without paying any of the price he owes for the horrible, cowardly things he has done.

That this peace will be used to prepare for another outbreak of Kultur when the world has been lulled into a sense of security and he has completed a new alignment of nations with which he thinks he can carry out his unholy plans.

That he is in a fair way to accomplish these results unless the people—and especially the laboring people—of the countries allied against him take a grip on themselves and settle down to the long task of beating him so that he can never again dare to raise his hand against his betters.

All our lives we have been encouraged to think only as individuals. That is one accompaniment of democracy. It is time all loyal Americans began to pull the same stroke, to put over this thing which must be put over.

Hoist the pro-Boche with his own petard!

What "Comrade" Means in War.
A writer in the April American Magazine says:

"I saw one man coming whose trousers had been torn clean away. He was soaked with mud and blood that his features were almost unrecognizable. He did not walk. He staggered from side to side. Sometimes he almost fell. But on his back he carried his comrade, his pal, who couldn't walk himself."

"I looked at them, and the tears came to my eyes—as they would come to the eyes of any man if he could watch these walking wounded. But those two? No tears from them! They looked at me and smiled."

"It isn't only for their comrades that they are willing to suffer. Over and over again I have seen an English Tommy, badly wounded himself, take the cup of hot soup, or coffee, or the tobacco or Y. M. C. A. men were handing out, and give it to a wounded German."

Mathers! Don't Give Children Nauseous Medicine for Colds

Local Druggists Are Offering an "Outside" Treatment on 30 Days' Trial

Children's Stomachs Are Delicately Upset by Constant Internal Dosing. The Best Way to Prevent Colds: To Allow the Children Regular Out-Door Exercise—Keep Plenty of Fresh Air in the Bedroom at Night, and, at the First Sign of Trouble, Apply the Southern External Vapor Treatment.

Fifteen years ago North Carolina Druggist discovered a process of combining the old-fashioned remedies, Camphor, Turpentine and Menthol, with certain volatile oils, in a salve form, so that when applied over the throat and chest the body heat would release these ingredients in the form of vapors. These vapors, breathed 11 night long, carry the medication,

with each breath, to the air passages and lungs. In addition, the preparation is absorbed through and stimulates the skin, taking out that tightness and soreness in the chest.

Today this treatment, known as Vick's VapoRub, is universally used throughout the south in preference to internal dosing. By arrangement with the manufacturers the local druggists are offering 25c jars on 30 days' trial, the purchase price to be refunded if you are not delighted with the results. You have to try VapoRub to realize its remarkable effect, not only for deep chest colds, sore throat, bronchitis or incipient pneumonia, but for head colds, asthmatic or catarrhal troubles. Croup is usually relieved within fifteen minutes and an application at bedtime prevents a night attack.

VapoRub is particularly recommended to mother, with small children as it is externally applied and can therefore be used freely and often with perfect safety on the smallest member of the family.

From the Past

By WINIFRED LEE

Bartley Paine cherished the secret of a dark spot in his life. It was not ever present, for as the years went by its shadow lessened and, he hoped, would eventually vanish into the obscurity of permanent forgetfulness.

It was ten years ago when, a youth of eighteen employed as cashier by John Howe, a distant relative, that he had been speciously persuaded by two fellow clerks to borrow two thousand dollars from the funds of the house. They had shown him that they had "a tip" where that amount invested in a certain stock would quadruple in twenty-four hours. Bartley provided the money. The entire investment was lost, the two scamps fled and the next morning, a wretched but sincere penitent, Bartley went to his relative and confessed all.

"Leave my service, go and settle this matter with my lawyer and let me never see your face again!" pronounced John Howe sternly.

Robert Wiley, that lawyer! To his dying day Bartley would never forget him. He was a sinister being, with a chin like a hook and a nose like a beak.

"You will first sign a written confession of your crime," the elfish barrister had said.

"But I have already told Mr. Howe of my misstep," said Bartley humbly.

"It won't do; a signed confession, or go away and let the law take its course."

Bartley shivered, but assented. "As to the money," he said, "if you will allow me I will stay right here, get a new position and work till I have earned enough to pay the score."

"Very good," nodded the lawyer.

At the end of four years Bartley's spirits were high when he placed the last of the misapplied money before Mr. Wiley.

"And the interest?" intimated the latter.

"You will find it included," said Bartley, almost resentfully, to this human leech. "Now, then, won't you kindly hand me back the confession?"

"I am instructed by Mr. Howe to retain that," said the lawyer. "He will hold it over you as a Damoclean sword to guarantee your future good conduct."

"Why, this is positively inhuman!" cried Bartley.

"Instructions," responded the lawyer. "See that you go straight."

Then Bartley went to another city and tried to forget the power he had left in those seemingly evil hands. He prospered quite fairly in a new position. He met Lucille Driscoll—courtship, marriage, happiness. She idolized him as a model lover and husband. She believed him the most worthy of men. He winced when he

thought of that dark spot in his early life, but he could not hurt her pure spirit by revealing the truth.

And now the black shadow had suddenly, blighting come down upon his life. It was the birthday of their child, little Bartley, aged six. They were to have a quiet family celebration and Bartley had secretly deposited a package containing gifts on the front porch, had started around the house to enter by a side door, when he came to a startled halt and stood rock-rooted. His heart seemed to cease its throbbings, his brain was turned to lead, for there, in the cozy parlor, seated opposite his wife, was—Robert Wiley!

To the exaggerated mentality of Bartley it seemed as though a destroying demon had invaded the peace and sanctity of an earthly paradise. There was the old scoundrel, wily smirk on the goblin face, the old cruel, piercing glare of the eyes. Oh, at last his sin was to be brought home to him. Only to torment, to blackmail, to ruin him, could this specter of the past have thus invaded his home!

For an instant Bartley thought of flight. Could he ever face his wife if the past was revealed to her? He actually turned to leave the spot, when little Bartley came around the house, discovering him.

"Oh, mamma!" he shouted. "Here is papa, now!" seized his hand and pulled him into the house.

"A visitor, Bartley," spoke Mrs. Paine, arising and leaving the room, and Bartley faced his Nemesis.

To his amazement Wiley grasped his hand. "Ah, Paine," he spoke chirpingly. "You are looking well—and doing well, eh? I came on a matter of business. Mr. Howe died last month."

"Yes, I heard of it," nodded Paine.

"He has left you half his fortune. You are a rich man. I advised it. You see, Paine, it is I who, under his instructions, have kept trace of your every movement for ten years. So no one knew better than I your noble fight to redeem the past. You thought him an ogre and I your evil genius, but we were human, all the same. I would like to have you call at my hotel this evening and close up your interest in the estate."

Bartley stood like one in a dream after the lawyer had left. He could not realize it all. A light form gilded to his side. It was Lucille.

"Bartley," she whispered, "I knew of your trouble in the past all the time. I married you knowing it. I trusted you, knowing it, and loved you more and more as you nobly redeemed yourself. The shadow has lifted. Oh, my husband! let us never again think of aught but the sunshine of life which has come to us at last."

PASSED MEDICAL EXAM.

Maj.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell Held Physically Fit.

Washington, April 1.—Maj.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell has passed his medical examination for active service. It is announced at the war department. He has been commander of the 77th national army division at Camp Upton and recently returned from France.

The Trail of the Dressmaker

